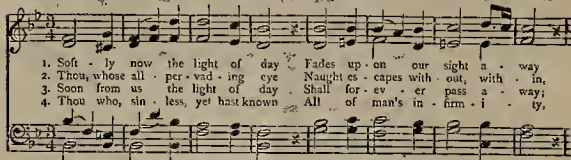


1899 M. A. Eadie

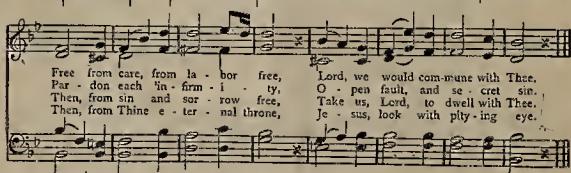
SARNIA MUSICAL

The Musical
Edwards
Rut

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY. G. W. DOANE "MERCY" L. M. GOTSCHALK "LAST HOPE"



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way
2. Thou, whose all - per - vid - ing eye Naught es - capes with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty,

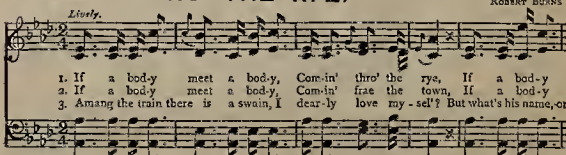


Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.
Far - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

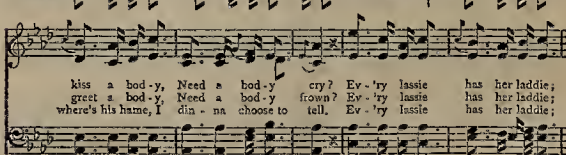
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ROBERT BURNS

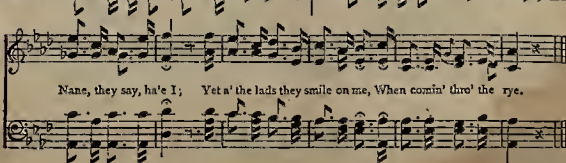
Lively.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain, I dear-ly love my - sel'? But what's his name, or



Miss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell, Ev-'ry lassie has her laddie;



Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

WHEN SWEET MUSIC.

G. A. MACFARREN.

Andante, quasi allegretto.

1. When sweet mu - sic breaks the dream, Bids the night-born phantoms fly, Why does
 2. Fals - er than those phantom forms Night in-vokes in joy or fear, Seem this

joy, with rap - tured gleam, Start from out the wak-'ning eyes? From a
 vain world's smiles or storms, Loved one, when thou art not near. Speak and

world of forms un - true, From a world of forms un - true Home the glow - ing spirit
 bid my heart re - joice, Speak and bid my heart re-joice, Waked where truth and rapture

wings, Home the glow - ing spir-it wings, Home it wings, Home it wings, While, like
 beam, Waked where truth and rapture beam, Where they beam, Where they beam, Such en-

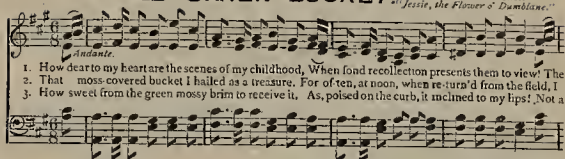
morn-ing's ho-ly dew, Music's gladness round it clings, While, like morning's ho ly
 chantment bath thy voice As when music breaks a dream, Such enchant-ment bath thy

1st verse. *a piacere. a tempo. D.S.* *2nd verse.* *FIN.*

dew, Mu - sic's glad - ness round it clings, mu - sic breaks a dream.
 voice As when

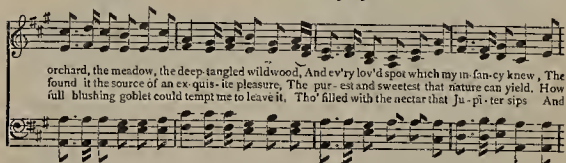
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH
"Jessie, the Flower of Damblane."

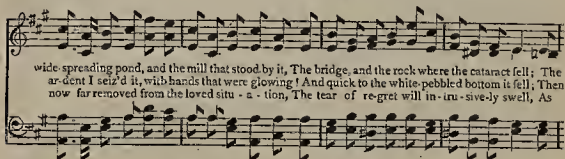


Andante.

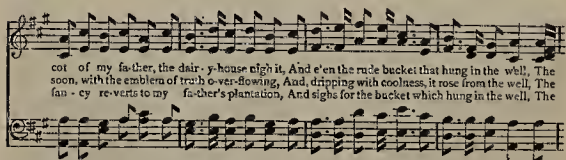
- How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The
- That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For of ten, at noon, when re-tur'd from the field, I
- How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a



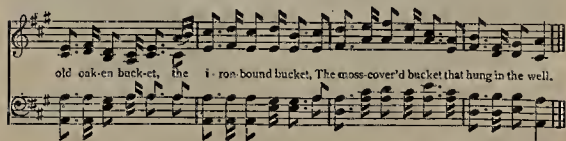
orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev'ry low'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew, The
found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleasure, The pur-est and sweetest that nature can yield, How
full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nectar that Ju-pi-ter sips And



wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell; The
ar-dent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing! And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; Then
now far removed from the loved situ-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell, As

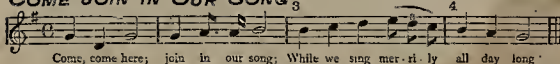


cot of my father, the dair-y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well, The
soon, with the emblem of truth o-ver-flowing, And, dripping with coolness, it rose from the well, The
fan-cy re-verts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well, The



old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

COME JOIN IN OUR SONG₃



Come, come here; join in our song; While we sing mer-ri-ly all day long.

The only Direct Importers.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

D. T. SHAW.

Spirited.

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the

mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew; With the
 ser-vice u-ni-ted nev'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The

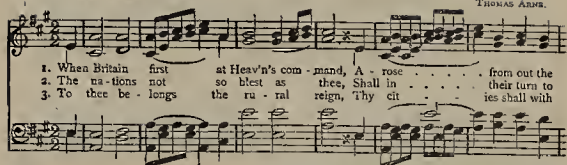
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

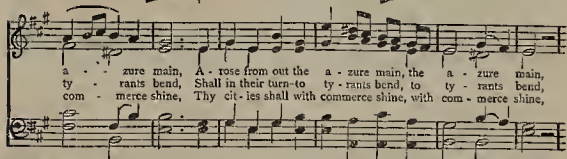
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

RULE BRITANNIA.

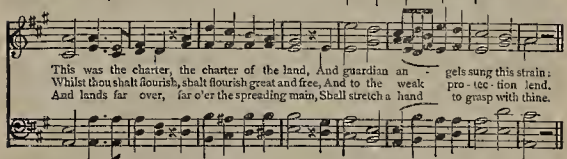
THOMAS ARMS.



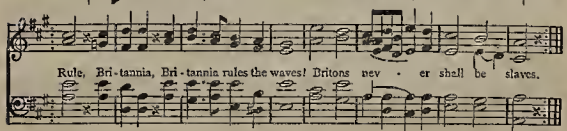
1. When Britain first at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose from out the
2. The na-tions not so blest as thee, Shall in their turn to
3. To thee be-longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - ies shall with



a - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main,
ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn-to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend,
com - merce shine, Thy cit - ies shall with commerce shine, with com - merce shine,



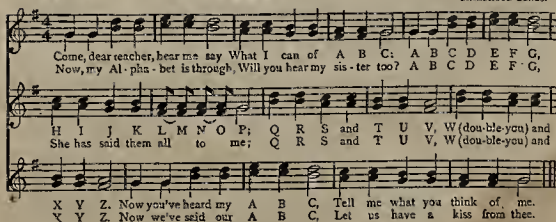
This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sung this strain:
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.
And lands far over, far o'er the spreading main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.



Rule, Bri-tannia, Bri-tannia rules the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

MUSICAL ALPHABET

CHILDHOOD SONGS.



Come, dear teacher, bear me say What I can of A B C: A B C D E F G,
Now, my Al - pha - bet is through, Will you hear my sis - ter too? A B C D E F G,
H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and
She has said them all to me; Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and
X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of, me.
X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

WM. R. DEWEETER.
HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN.
(LADY DUFFERIN.)

Con espressione.

1. I'm sitting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by side, On a
2. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma-ry, The day as bright as then, The
5. Yours was the brave, good heart, Ma-ry, That still kept hop - ing on, When the
6. I thank you for the patient smile, When your heart was fit to break, When the

bright May morn - ing, long a - go, When first you were my bride. The
lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I
hust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was gone; There was
hun - ger pain was gnaw - ing there, And you hid it for my sake; I

soffo voce.
cres.

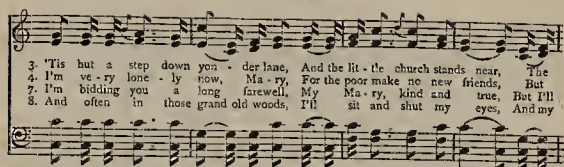
corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, And the
miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I
com - fort ev - er on your lip, And the kind look on your brow; I
bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore; Oh, I'm

a con espress.
cres.

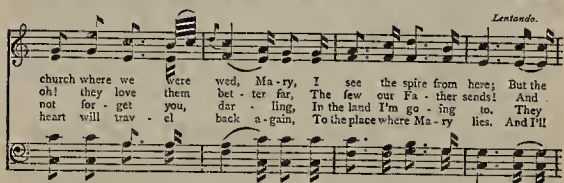
red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your eye, And the
still keep list'n'ing for the words You nev - er - more will speak, And I
bless you for that same, Ma-ry, Tho' you can't hear me now, I
thank - ful you are gone, Ma-ry, Where grief can't reach you more! Oh, I'm

rall. ad lib.

red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your eye.
still keep list'n'ing for the words You nev - er - more will speak.
bless you for that same, Ma-ry, Tho' you can't hear me now.
thank - ful you are gone, Ma-ry, Where grief can't reach you more.



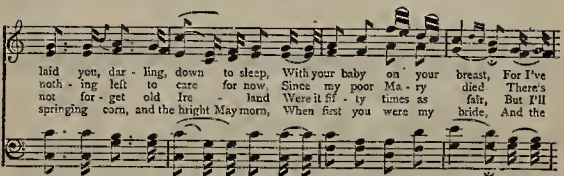
3. 'Tis hut a step down you - der lane, And the lit - tle church stands near, The
 4. I'm ve - ry lone - ly now, Ma - ry, For the poor make no new friends, But
 7. I'm bidding you a long farewell, My Ma - ry, kind and true, But I'll
 8. And often in those grand old woods, I'll sit and shut my eyes, And my



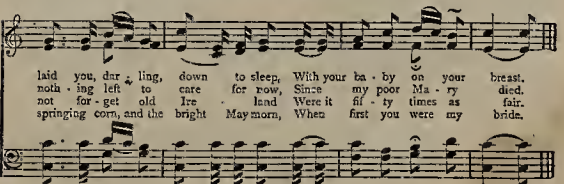
Lento.
 church where we were wed, Ma - ry, I see the spire from here; But the
 oh! they love them bet - ter far, The few our Fa - ther sends! And
 not for - get you, dar - ling, In the land I'm go - ing to. They
 heart will trav - el back a - gain, To the place where Ma - ry lies. And I'll



grave - yard lies be - tween, Ma - ry, And my step might break your rest, For I've
 you were all I had, Ma - ry, My bless - ing and my pride; There's
 say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines al - ways there; But I'll
 think I see the lit - tle stile, Where we sat side by side; And the



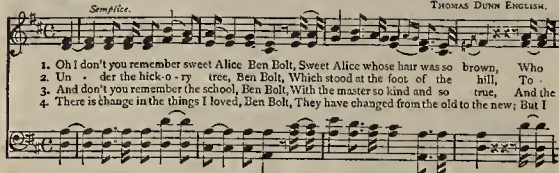
laid you, dar - ling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast, For I've
 noth - ing left to care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died. There's
 not for - get old Ire - land Were it fif - ty times as fair, But I'll
 springing corn, and the bright Maymorn, When first you were my bride, And the



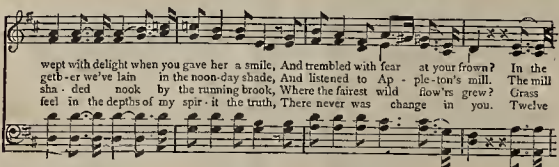
laid you, dar - ling, down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast.
 noth - ing left to care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died.
 not for - get old Ire - land Were it fif - ty times as fair.
 springing corn, and the bright Maymorn, When first you were my bride.

Linens Direct from Ireland.

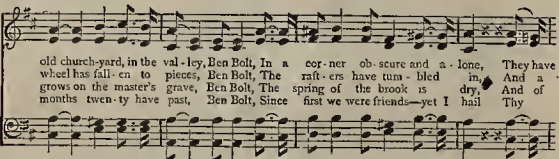
BEN BOLT.

NELSON KNEAS.
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.*Semplice.*


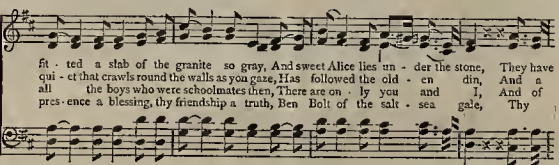
1. Oh I don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I



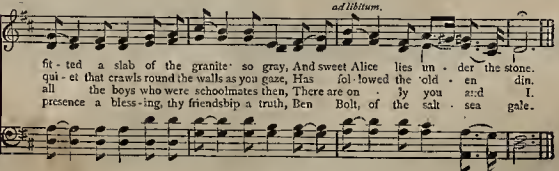
wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
get - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And listened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The mill
sha - ded nook by the running brook, Where the fairest wild flow'rs grew? Grass
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve



old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a lone, They have
wheel has fall - en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a
grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy



fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din, And a
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of
pres - ence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy

ad libitum.


fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale.

NOT A SPARROW FALLETH.

FRANK ART.
W. S. PASMORE.

p *pp*

1. Not a sparrow falleth, but its God doth know, Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
2. For the God that planted in thy breast a soul, On His sacred tables doth thy name enroll;

poco animato. *mf* *rall.* *pp*

Not a leaf-let wav-eth, but its God doth see, Think not, then, oh! trembler, God
Cheer thine heart, then trembler, nev-er faith-less be, He that marks the sparrow Will

cres. Poco più animato. *mf* *1*

for-get-eth thee! Far more precious, sure-ly, than the birds that fly, Is a Father's
re-mem-ber

dim. *p più tranquillo.*

im-age to a Fa-ther's eye; E'en thine hairs are numbered, Trust Him full and free;

molto cresc. poco riten. *f dim.* *p* *2* *riten.*

Cast thy care before Him, He will care for thee! thee! Will re-mem-ber thee!

THE CUCKOO.

GERMAN.

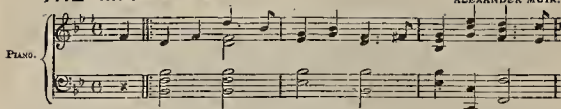
1. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, wel-come thy song! Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, welcome thy song;
2. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war-ble a-way, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war-ble a-way;
3. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song;

Win-ter is go-ing, Soft breezes blow-ing, Spring-time, spring-time, soon will be here.
Bring the sweet flowers, Sunshine and show-ers, Spring-time, spring-time, do not de-lay.
When thou art roaming, Bright days are coming, Spring-time, spring-time, hasten-long.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

ALEXANDER MUIR.

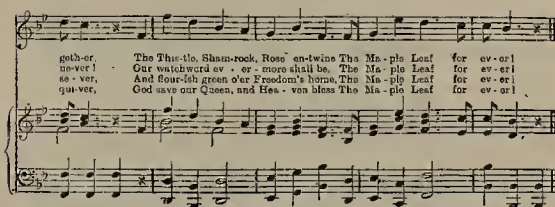
PIANO.



1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shores, Wollo, the dan-ol-les
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Cana-da's fair do-
 side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound; May peace for e-ver be our lot, And plen-tious store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land e-ver more, And Ire-land's Em-or-ald

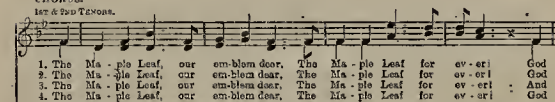
main, Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-
 died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can not
 Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est



geth-er. The Thistle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 ne-ver! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 ne-ver, And four-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 God save our Queen, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

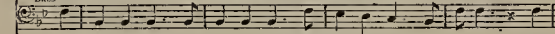
CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENORS.

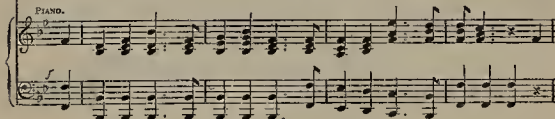
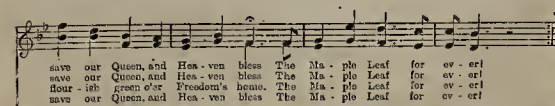


1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blam dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blam dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blam dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blam dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

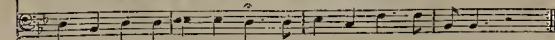
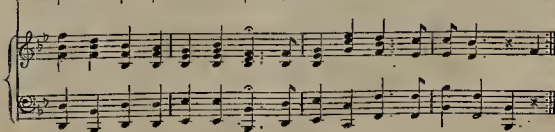
BASS



PIANO.

save our Queen, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our Queen, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 four-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our Queen, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

AFTER SHOWERS THE TRANQUIL SUN.

Andante con espress.

1. Af - ter show - ers, the tran - quil sun; Af - ter snow, the em -erald leaves; Sil - ver
2. Af - ter knell, the wed - ding bells; Af - ter bud, the ra - diant rose; Joy - ful

stars when day is done; Af - ter har - vest, gold - en sheaves; Af - ter clouds, the
greet - ings from fare - wells; Af - ter weep - ing, sweet re - pose; Af - ter bur - den,

vio - let sky; Af - ter tem - pest, lull of waves; Qui - et woods when
bliss - ful meed; Af - ter flight, the down - y nest; Af - ter fur - row,

winds go by; Af - ter bat - tle, peaceful graves; Af - ter bat - tle, peaceful graves.
wak - ing seed; Af - ter shadowy riv - er—rest, Af - ter shadowy riv - er—rest

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

J. B. DYKES

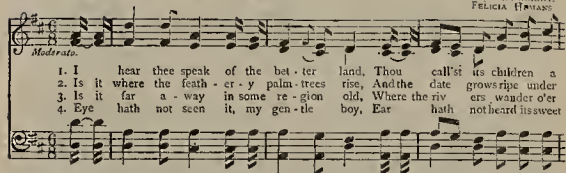
1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well,

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.
Take us all at last to Heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

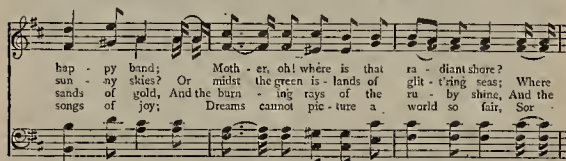
THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. ARKRIGHT,
FELICIA HOWANS.

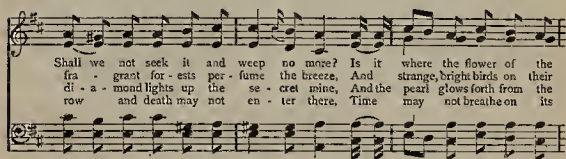
Moderato.



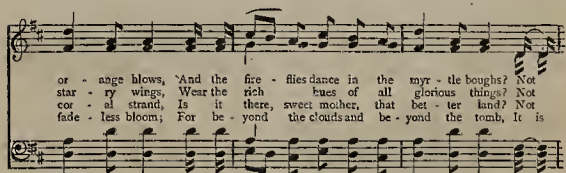
1. I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land, Thou call'st us children a
 2. Is it where the feath-er-y palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under
 3. Is it far a-way in some re-gion old, Where the riv-ers wander o'er
 4. Eye hath not seen it, my gen-tle boy, Eat hath not heard its sweet



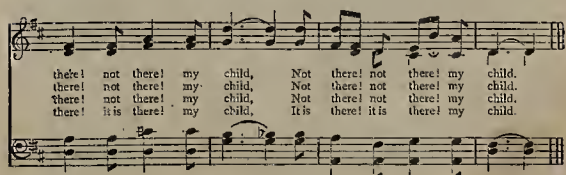
hap-py band; Moth-er, oh! where is that ra-diant shore?
 sun-ny skies? Or midst the green is-lands of glit-tering seas; Where
 sands of gold, And the burn-ing rays of the ru-by shine, And the
 songs of joy; Dreams cannot pic-ture a world so fair, Sor-



Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the
 fra-grant for-ests per-fume the breeze, And strange, bright birds on their
 di-a-mond lights up the se-cret mine, And the pearl glows forth from the
 row and death may not en-ter there, Time may not breathe on its



or-ange blows, And the fire-flies dance in the myr-tle boughs? Not
 star-ry wings, Wear the rich hues of all glorious things? Not
 cor-al strand, Is it there, sweet mother, that bet-ter land? Not
 fade-less bloom; For be-yond the clouds and be-yond the tomb, It is



there! not there! my child, Not there! not there! my child.
 there! not there! my child, Not there! not there! my child.
 there! not there! my child, Not there! not there! my child.
 there! it is there! my child, It is there! it is there! my child.

Silks are our delight.

MOTHER, ARE THERE ANGELS DWELLING?

1. Mother, are there an-gels dwelling In that beaming star a-bove? Do they ev-er,
 2. Mother, was it they who gave you So much love and care for me? How I wish, as
 3. Mother dear, I now re-mem-ber All you taught me in my youth; And my heart is

glancing downward, Look on me with eyes of love? Guardian an-gels I have heard of,
 I grow old-er, Wor-thy of that love to be! All the kindness you have shown me
 now re-ly-ing On the source of love and truth. Looking to that fount of mer-cy

Watch-ing o'er us night and day; Keep-ing re-cord of our mo-ments, Knowing all we
 Would that I could now re-pay; You have been my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me
 As the light, the life, the way; He will be my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me

do or say; Guardian an-gels I have heard of, Watching o'er us night and day.
 night and day, You have been my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me night and day.
 night and day; He will be my guardian an-gel, Watching o'er me night and day

FRENCH* LULLABY.

FRENCH LULLABY.

1. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquilly. Mother is watching; Praying for thee, May holy an-gels
 2. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquilly. Thy heav'nly Father Careth for thee. In thy soft cra-dle

On wings of light, Bring to my ba-by, Dreams fair and bright. Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.
 Peacefully sleep; While thou dost slumber Watch He will keep. Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.

LULLABY FROM ERMINIE.

*Moderate.*C. BELLAMY.
E. JAKOWOWSKI.

1. Dear moth-er! in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and calm, And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing, Her words were all of me, My

hear her voice with love re-joice When nest - ling on her arm; I
fa - ture years were all her fears, Lest an - guish I should see; My

think how she softly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'ning eye, As her watch she'd keep when she
fa - ther, I hear him weeping As, in sor - row, standing by, Comes my mother's plaint in those

rocked to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
ne - cents faint, Her tender, sweet lul - la - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

A little faster.

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye. Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids

sleep. Bye, bye, watching till thou'rt waking; Darling, be thy slum - ber deep.

The Millinery Spot.

OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

DAVID LEE.

Andantino.

1. Oft within our lit-tle cot-tage, As the shadows gently fall, While the sunlight touches softly
 2. If our home be bright and cheery, If it hold a welcome true, Opening wide its door of greeting
 3. Sometimes when our hearts grow weary, Or our task seems very long, When our burdens look too heavy,

One sweet face up-on the wall, Do we gather there together, And in quiet tender tone,
 To the many—not the few; If we share our Father's bounty With the needy, day by day,
 And we deem the right all wrong, Then we gain anew fresh courage, As we rise, so proudly say:

Ask each other kind forgiveness For the wrong that each has done, Should you wonder at this custom
 'Tis because our hearts remember This was ever mother's way, Thus we keep her mem'ry precious,
 "Let us do our duty bravely, This was our dear mother's way," Thus we keep her mem'ry precious,

rit. dim.

At the ending of the day, Eye and voice would quickly answer, "It was once our mother's way."
 While we never cease to pray, That the evening find us waiting To go home our mother's way.
 While we never cease to pray, That the evening find us waiting To go home our mother's way.

GOOD NIGHT.

Now to all a kind good night, Sweetly sleep till morning light, Till morning light, To all good
 night; Sweetly sleep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

GEDDES BROTHERS.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

MRS. C. BARNARD.

1. Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
 2. O - ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way,
 3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleepin', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way,

Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen, And it's Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Rid - ing the white waves that fair summer morn' in' Just like a May flow'r a - float on the bay.
 And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keep-in' Care of my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful England, Lit - tle we tho't of the lone win - ter days,
 Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us, Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down,
 When by the fire - side I watch the bright embers, Then all my heart flies to England and thee,

Lit - tle we tho't of the hash of the star-shine O ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far away, where my Colleen had flown. Then
 Cravin' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem - bers, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

Animato

come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back again to the land of thy birth,

*cres.**molto cresc.*

Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

We lead in Dress Goods.

SWEETHEARTS YET.

Allegretto.

With vocal permission of
J. THURMAN, Worcester, London.

1. 'Tis
2. 'Tis
3. 'Tis

stream of life glides on, my dear, As years and years go by, — But
sweet to rest my head in years, And speak of by-gone days, — Of
true the sil - ver streaks the gold, For time will have its way, — But

days of youth seem ev - er near, Al - tho' its re - ses 'die! — Our
con - stant love that still en - dures, And per - fect trust dis - plays! — Old
love's first words, so coy - ly told, Are with us both to - day! — The

love is just the same, you know, Un - ting'd by old re - gret, — As
scenes now greet my sight a - gain, These scenes I ne'er for - get, — They
fleet - ing years may pass a - long, Till life's fair sun shall set, — But

GEDDES BROTHERS

in the van ished long a - ge, For we are sweet-hearts yet. —
 did' not hear' our vows in vain, For we are sweet-hearts yet. —
 joys shall still our path ways throng For we are sweet-hearts yet. —

Chorus.

Tempo di Voce.

Sweet - hearts yet, sweet - hearts yet, Sweet-hearts yes lov - ing and

true, Joys shall still our pathway throng, For we are

sweet - hearts yet. —

1. 2. 3.
 Last time, 2d Verse.

"Notions" for your Sweetheart.

MARSEILLES

ROUGET DE LISSE, 1792.

1. Ye sons of France, awake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
 2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur - rounded, The vile, in sa - tiate des - pots dare, Their thirst for
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,

wives, and grand-sires hoary: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their
 gold and pow - er unbanded, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and
 bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

cries! Shall hateful tyrants mis - chief breed - ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
 air. Like beasts of burden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But
 tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But

fright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye
 man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye
 freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are unavailing: To arms, to arms, ye

brave! Th' aveng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, March on,

all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

J. ASCHER.
W. GUERNEY.*Andante con espressione.*

1. The birds sleep-ing gen-ly, Sweet Lu-na gleam-eth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And
 2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-ly! Ah!

all seems glad to-night. The wind sigh-ing by me, Cool-ing my fever'd brow; The
 Al-ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev-er, Yet, Al-ice, where art thou? One year back this e-ven, And
 in the pleas-ant wild-wood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est; I'm

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side,
 look-ing heav'n-ward now, I'm look-ing heav'nward now,

Vow-ing to love me; One year past this e-ven, And
 Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in for-est, I'm

thou wert by my side, Vow-ing to love me, Al-ice, what-e'er might be-tide
 look-ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a-mid the star-shine, Al-ice, I know, art thou.

Mantles and Costumes.

FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.
SER. WINNER, by post.*Moderato.*

1. There are friends that we nev - er for - get, There are hearts that we ev - er hold
2. There are friends that we nev - er for - get, Tho' the seas may di - vide us for

dear, Tho' we meet with a kiss in a moment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a
years, Yet we lin - ger a - part with a sor - rowing heart, In an absence that on - ly en -

tear. Oh, we learn our first les - son of love, At the home where our childhood is
dears. There are friends that we never for - get, There are hearts that we ev - er hold

rall. tempo.
passed, And we nev - er for - get tho' we part with re - gret, The friends of our youth till the
dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earn - est and true, Oh, how sweet 'tis to know them so

Chorus.
last. } There are friends, there are friends that we never forget; There are hearts that we ever hold
near.

rall.
dear, Tho' we meet with a kiss, in a moment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

J. W. CHERRY.

Mod. rto

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick him-self, sure, that
 2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of
 3. That dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, When its three lit-tle leaves are ex-

set lit; And the sun on his la-bor with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his
 E-ri, Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command, In each eli-mate they
 tended, De- notes from the stalk we to- geth-er should toil, And ourselves by our-

eye oft-en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mircland, And he
 ev-er ap-pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mircland, Just
 selves be befriended. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mircland, From

rall. *a tempo.*

call'd it the dear lit-tle shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the
 like their own dear lit-tle shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the
 one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the

ad lib. *dim.*

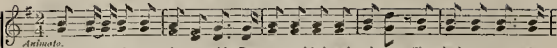
sweet lit-tle sham-rock, The dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle sham-rock of Ireland.

BEAUTIFUL SEA.

Allarghetto.

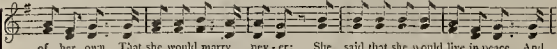
Beau-ti-ful sea, beau-ti-ful sea, Oh how I love on thy bo-som to roam,
 Foaming and free, foaming and free, There is my rest-ing-place, there is my home.
 O-ver the deep stormy winds sweep, Fly-ing a-way o'er the foam-crested wave.
 O-ver the deep fierce-ly they leap, But in our good ship the dan-ger we'll brave.

AUNT JEMIMA'S PLASTER.

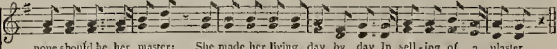


Animato.

1. Aunt Je - mi - ma she was old, But very kind and clever; She had a no - tion
 2. She had a sis - ter ve - ry tall, And if she'd kept on growing, She might have been a
 3. There was a thief that, night and day, Kept stealing from his neighbors; But none could find the
 4. Her neighbor had a Thomas cat, That ate like an - y glutton; It nev - er caught a
 5. Now, if you have a dog or cat, A husband, wife, or lov - er, That you would wish to

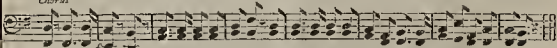


of her own That she would marry nev - er: She said that she would live in peace, And
 gi - ant now: In fact, there is no knowing, All of a sud - den she became Of
 ras - cal out, With all their tricks and labors; She set a trap up - on her step, And
 mouse or rat, But stole both milk and mutton. To keep it home she tried her best, But
 keep at home, This plaster just dis - cov - er; And if you wish to live in peace, A -



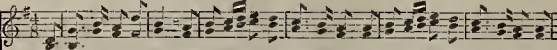
none should be her master; She made her living day by day In sell - ing of a plaster.
 her own height the master, And all because upon each foot Je - mi - ma put a plaster.
 caught him with a plaster, The more he tried to get a - way, The more he stuck the faster.
 ne'er could be the master, Un - til she stuck it to the floor With Aunt Jemima's plaster.
 void - ing all dis - as - ter, Take my advice, and try the strength Of Aunt Je - mi - ma's plaster.

Chorus

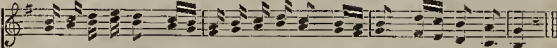


Sheepskin and beeswax Made this awful plaster, The more you try to get it off The more it sticks the faster

THE LITTLE BEE.



1. The lit - tle busy bee Abroad doth roam thro' all the day, On airy wing thro' meadows gay, To
 2. Who taught it thus to roam Amid the riches of the field? And from the flowers that sweets do yield, To
 3. It learned from God alone, He put the sweets within the flower, He sends the bee to drain its store, And

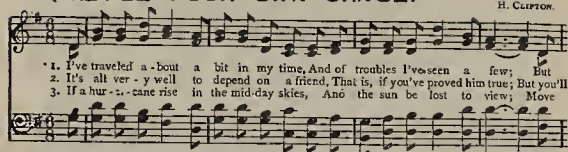


bring its honey home, To bring its honey home, To bring its hon - ey home.

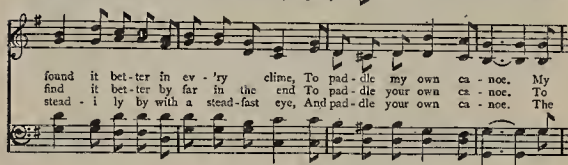
GEDDES BROTHERS.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

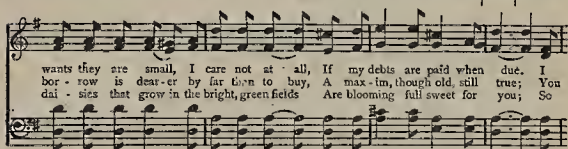
H. CLIFTON.



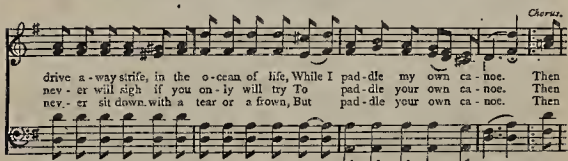
1. I've traveled a-bout a bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few; But
 2. It's all ver-y well to depend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true; But you'll
 3. If a hur-ry-cane rise in the mid-day skies, And the sun be lost to view; Move



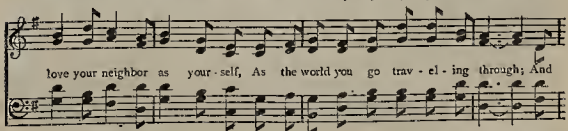
found it bet-ter in ev-'ry clime, To pad-dle my own ca-noe. My
 find it bet-ter by far in the end To pad-dle your own ca-noe. To
 stead-i ly by with a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe. The



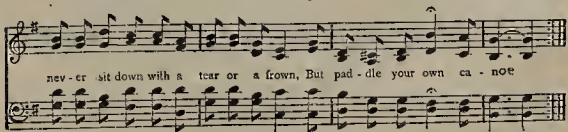
wants they are small, I care not at all, If my debts are paid when due. I
 bor-row is dear-er by far than to buy, A max-im, though old, still true; You
 dai-sies that grow in the bright, green fields Are blooming full sweet for you; So



drive a-way strife, in the o-cean of life, While I pad-dle my own ca-noe. Then
 nev-er will sigh if you on-ly will try To pad-dle your own ca-noe. Then
 nev-er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe. Then



love your neighbor as your-self, As the world you go trav-el-ing through; And



nev-er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe

Pay as you go.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm dreaming now of
 2. Ah! well I yet re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, Ah! well I yet re-
 3. When the charms of spring awaken, a-wak-en, a-waken, When the charms of spring a-

Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the
 mem-ber, When we gathered in the cot-ton side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep-
 wak-en, And the mocking bird is sing-ing on the bough, I feel like one for-

val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleeping in the val-ley, And the
 tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-tem-ber, And the
 sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I feel like one for-sak-en, Since my

Chorus.

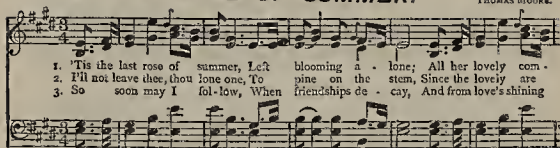
mocking bird is singing where she lies Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the
 mocking bird was singing far and wide. Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the
 Hal-lie is no longer with me now Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the

mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Lis-ten to the

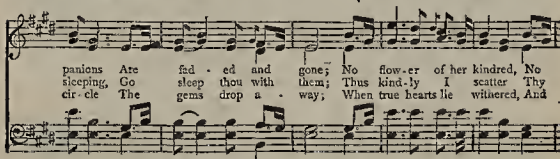
mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

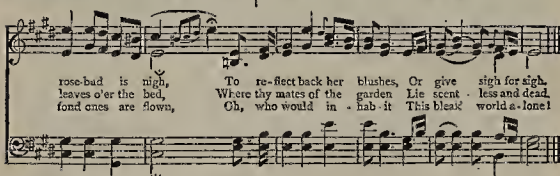
THOMAS MOORE.



1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a lone; All her lovely com-
 2. P'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the lovely are
 3. So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de-cay, And from love's shining



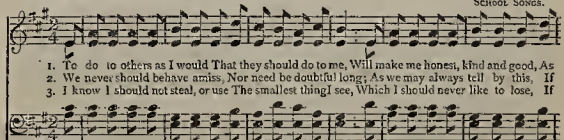
panions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No
 sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kindly I scatter Thy
 cir-cle The gems drop a way; When true hearts lie withered, And



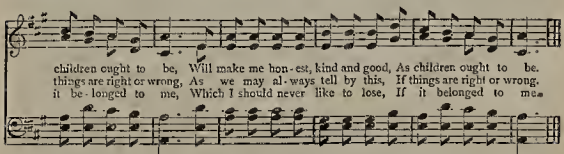
rose-bud is nigh, To re-act back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh,
 leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead,
 fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

SCHOOL SONGS.



1. To do to others as I would That they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind and good, As
 2. We never should behave amiss, Nor need be doubtful long; As we may always tell by this, If
 3. I know I should not steal, or use The smallest thing I see, Which I should never like to lose, If



children ought to be, Will make me hon-est, kind and good, As children ought to be.
 things are right or wrong, As we may al-ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.
 it be-longed to me, Which I should never like to lose, If it belonged to me.

4. Nor others should I treat with spite, 5. But any kindness they may need, 6. Then let me ne'er at home, at school,
 Or strike an angry blow; I'll do, what'er it be; In action or in word,
 Because I would not think it right, As I am very glad, indeed, Appear not to have learned this rule
 If they should serve me so. When they are kind to me. Of the dear Christ, the Lord.

Credit is a Mockery.

1. **WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO TOWN.** JAMES HOGG, 1785? THOMAS D'URIEV, 1790?

1. 'Twas with-in a mile of Ed-in-bo-ro'town, In the ro-sy time of the
 2. Jock-ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-low'd the
 3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not

year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shepherd wou'd his
 lass; Con-tened she ear'd and ate her brown tread, mer-ri-ly turn'd up the
 few, She gie'd him her hand and a kiss be-side, And mer-ri-ly turn'd up the
 vowed she'd for-ev-er be

dear. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jennie making hay; The lassie blush'd,
 grass. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd,
 true. Bon-nie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no

and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."
 and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."
 more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I can-na, can-na, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

WHAT CARE WE FOR GOLD AND SILVER.

LITTLE FOLK.

What care we for gold or sil-ver? What care we for house or land?

What care we for ships on the o-cean, On-ward go-ing, hand in hand?

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Slow.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup

Chorus.

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

} For auld lang syne, my dear, For

Repeat Chorus ff.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

LOVE SMILES NO MORE.

DESMOND RYAN
ANSTRIM, SWEDISH.

Moderate.

1. Love smiles no more, Hope's light is gone, Pleas-ures are o'er, Sor-rows come on!
 2. By those glad bow'rs, Where oft we roved In youthful hours, Lov-ing and loved;
 3. Mem'-ry a lone Lends one blest thought, Love calls its own, With rapture fraught;

Chorus.

Life in its fu-ture, no bliss can im-part, Since fate hath, sundered wide heart from heart.
 Ah! ne'er a gain joy bids us to meet, Seal-ing our hearts with vows so sweet.
 Yes! thou wilt welcome the tear and the sigh, Grief-ing o'er joys and days gone by.

Tartans frae Edinboro'.

EVENING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON, 1864.
"SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our worship
gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep thy children
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict

cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing wait thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

THE JOLLY JESTER.

GEO. DUFFY.

1. O dear six - pence, I've got six - pence, I love six - pence as I love my life;
2. O dear four - pence, I've got four - pence, I love four - pence as I love my life;
3. O dear two - pence, I've got two - pence, I love two - pence as I love my life;
4. O dear noth - ing, I've got noth - ing, What will noth - ing buy for my wife?

I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen - ny on't, And I'll car - ry four - pence home to my wife.
I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen - ny on't, And I'll car - ry two - pence home to my wife.
I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a pen - ny on't, And I'll car - ry noth - ing home to my wife.
I have noth - ing, I spend noth - ing, I love nothing - bet - ter than my wife.

ALL'S WELL.

J. BRAHAM.

Andante.

1. De - sert - ed by the wa - ning moon, When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon On
2. Or sail - ing on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry messmates soundly sleep, The

tow - er, fort, or tented ground, The sentry walks his lonely round, The sen - try walks his
careful watch patrols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the ship from

f Allegro.

lon - e - ly round, The sen - try walks his lon - e - ly round. And should a footstep
foes or wreck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck. And while his thoughts oft

and

haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way,
homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear, Some well-known voice salutes his ear, salutes his ear,
(What goes (What

*1st**2nd.**1st**and Adagio.*

there? Stranger, quickly tell! A friend. The word? Good-night. All's . . . well, All's . . .
cheer? Brother, quickly tell! A - bove. Be - low? Good-night. All's . . . well, All's . . .

*1**and**1st**2nd**tr**2**1st**2nd**B. th. tr*

well. The word, Good-night? All's well. well, A bove, Be - low, All's well

The effect is better when the voices answer each other in duet in the last braces as indicated.

"All's well," if out of debt.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splend'or daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
noth - er new thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gaily, that came at my

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home,
door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

BIRDIE SWEET.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Allegretto. *cres.* *m* *f*
1. Birdie sweet, birdie sweet, Where may you be going? From the North, hasten South, Autumn winds are
2. Birdie sweet, birdie sweet, When you are returning, Fly to me, let me see What new songs you're learning.

cres. *m*
Haste along, haste along, Soon 'twill be cold weather, Should you stay you may be Frozen limb and feather.
Come again, come again, Soon 'twill be spring weather, Chirp for me songs so free, Bird of golden feather.

GEDDES BROTHERS.

PAT MALLOY.

DION BOUCICAULT.

1. At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy, She kept a lit-tle
2. Oh, England is a put-ty place, of gold there is no lack, I trudge'd from York to
3. From Ireland to A-mer-i-ca a cross the seas I roam, And ev-'ry shil-ling

huckster shop, Her name it was Mol-loy; "I've fourteen children, Pat," says she; "which
Lon-don with my scythe ap-on my back; The English girls are beau-ti-ful, their
that I get, ah, sure I send it home; Me mother could not write, but one there

heav'n to me has sint, But chil-der ain't like pigs, you know—they cannot pay the
loves I don't decline, The eat-ing, and the drinking too, is beau-ti-ful and
came from Father Boyce; "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she— I hear me mother's

rint!" She gave me ev-'ry shilling bright that she had in the till, And kissed me fis-ty
fine; But in a cor-ner of my heart, which no-bo-dy can see, Two eyes of I-rish
voice! But now I'm going home a-gain, as poor as I be-gan, To make a hap-py

times or more, as if she'd never get her fill, "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she, "and
blue are always peep-ing out at me! Oh, Molly, dar-lin', nev-er fear, I'm
girl of Moll, and sure I think I can. Me pockets they are emp-ty, but me

don't forget, my boy, That ould Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Mal-loy!"
still your own dear boy—Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Mal-loy.
heart is filled with joy: For ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Mal-loy.

Buy your Curtains here.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

H. RUSSELL.
CHARLES MACKEY.

f
Boldly.
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Courage! true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing, To float us free - ly

bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row;
o'er the o - cean's breast; The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,

p
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So fare - well, England,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West. Here we had toil and

much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
lit - tle to re - ward us, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So fare - well, England! fare -
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est, And bound - less meadows ripe,

well for - ev - er - more. Cheer, boys, cheer for coun - try, moth - er coun - try,
ripe with gol - den grain. Cheer, boys, cheer for England, moth - er Eng - land,

Cheer, boys, cheer the will-ing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's
 Cheer, boys, cheer, u-nit-ed heart and hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, there's

wealth for hon-est In-bor, Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and hap-py land!

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Maestros.
 1. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves! Will ye give it up to slaves? Will ye look for
 2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire? Will ye to your homes re-tire? Look behind you!—
 3. In the God of bat-tles trust! Die we may,—and die we must: But, O where can
 green-er graves? Hope ye mer-cy still? What's the mer-cy des-pots feel?
 they're a-fire! And be-fore you, see Who have done it! From the vale
 dust to dust Be con-signed so well, As when heaven its dews shall shed

Hear it in that bat-tle-peak! Read it on yon brist-ling steel! Ask it—ye who will,
 On they come! and will ye quail? Leaden rain and i-ron hail Let their welcome be!
 On the martyred patriot's bed, And the rocks shall raise their head, Of his deeds to tell?

WORK AND PLAY.

FRENCH AIR.

1. Here at school we gath-er dai-ly, And we learn the gold-en rule;
 2. Les sons o-ver, then each rov-er Laughs the hap-py hours a way;
 3. Work and play we min-gle dai-ly, Both we do with lov-ing zest;

Still as-pir-ing, nev-er tir-ing, That is what we learn at school!
 Mer-ry play-mates, blithe and gay mates, That's the way we do at school!
 Nev-er tir-ing, still as-pir-ing, Till the sun sinks in the west.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

OLD SCOTCH AIR.

Allegro.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The

Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-leve-en, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
 2. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes his can-non loud-ly roar; W!F
 3. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their joy-al faith and truth to show; W!F

look-ed down to bonnie Loch-leven And heard three bon-nie pi-per play. The
 sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The
 ban-ners rat-tlin' in the wind, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The

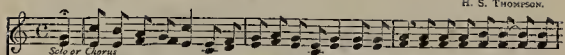
EVENING SHADES ARE FALLING.

1. Evening shades are falling; Time to go to rest; Stars are softly call-ing Darling to her rest.
 2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay thee down to sleep; Weary little head, love, God will safely keep.

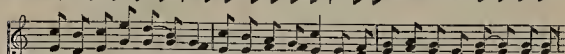
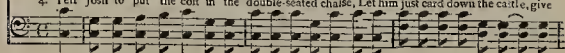
Sweet the sleep before thee Till morning light; God in heav'n a watch o'er thee, My love, good night.
 Now the lit-tle kiss, love, Arms clasp so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love; My love, good night.

COUSIN JEDEDIAH.

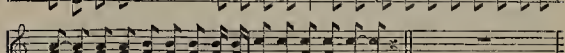
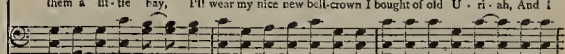
H. S. THOMPSON.

*Solo or Chorus*

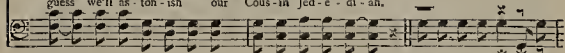
1. Oh! Ja-cob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the cousins are a-com-ing to
2. Now. O-bed wash your face, boy, and tallow up your shoes, While I go to see Aunt Bet-ty, And
3. And, Job, you peel the onions, and wash and fix the 'taters, We'll have them on the table in those
4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the double-seated chaise, Let him just card down the cattle, give



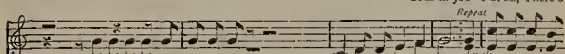
see us all a-gain, The dowdy's in the pan, and the tur-key's on the fire, And we
tell her all the news, And, Kit-ty, slick your hair, and put on your Sunday gown, For
shin-y painted waiters, Put on your bran new boots, and those trousers with the straps, Aunt So-
them a lit-tle hay, I'll wear my nice new belt-crown I bought of old U-ri-ah, And I



all must get read-y for Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.
Cousin Jed-e-di-ah comes right from Boston town.
phia'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per-haps.
guess we'll as-ton-ish our Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.

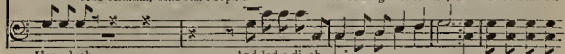


Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah, There's



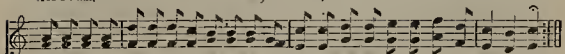
And Azariah, And Aunt Sophia

All coming here to tea, Oh! won't we have a

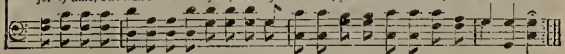


Hez-e-kiah,

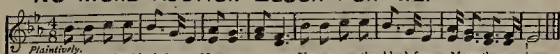
And Jed-e-di-ah,



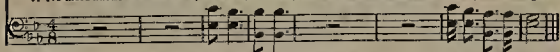
jol-ly time, Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time! Je-ru-sha, put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.



NO 'MORE AUCTION BLOCK FOR ME.

*Plaintively.*

1. No more auction block for me, No more, no more, No more auction block for me, Many thousand gone.

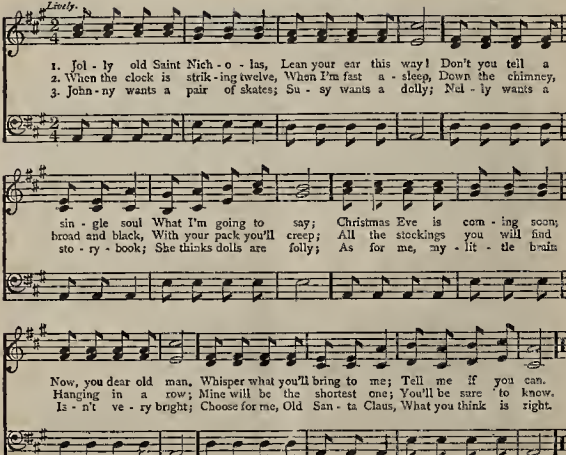


2. No more peck of corn for me, etc. 3. No more driver's lash for me, etc. 4. No more pint of salt for me, etc.

JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS.

SCHOOL CHIMES.
REV. S. BRAIDFORD'S SONS.

Lively.



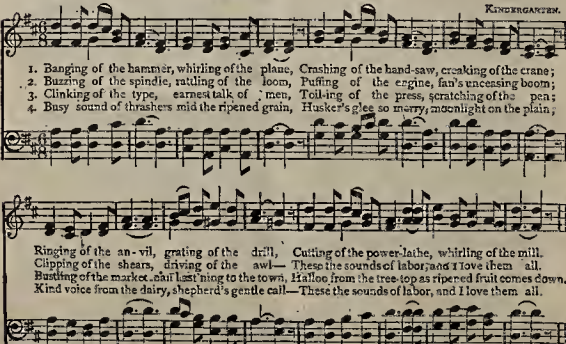
1. Jol - ly old Saint Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a
 2. When the clock is strik - ing twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep, Down the chimney,
 3. John - ny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a dolly; Nel - ly wants a

sin - gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is com - ing soon;
 broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stockings you will find
 sto - ry - book; She thinks dolls are folly; As for me, my - lit - tle brain

Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
 Hanging in a row; Mine will be the shortest one; You'll be sure to know.
 Is - n't ve - ry bright; Choose for me, Old San - ta Claus, What you think is right.

MUSIC OF LABOR.

KINDERGARTEN.



1. Banging of the hammer, whirling of the plane, Crashing of the hand-saw, creaking of the crane;
 2. Buzzing of the spindle, rattling of the loom, Puffing of the engine, fan's unceasing boom;
 3. Clinking of the type, earnest talk of men, Tolling of the press, scratching of the pen;
 4. Busy sound of thrashers mid the ripened grain, Husker's glee so merry; moonlight on the plain;

Ring of the an - vil, grating of the drill, Cutting of the power-lathe, whirling of the mill.
 Clipping of the shears, driving of the awl— These the sounds of labor; and I love them all.
 Bustling of the market, choir last'ning to the town, Halloo from the tree-top as ripened fruit comes down.
 Kind voice from the dairy, shepherd's gentle call— These the sounds of labor, and I love them all.

THE MAPLE TREE.

HAMILTON AID.

1. When on the world's first har-vest day, The fer-est trees be-fore the Lord Laid
 2. There ran thro' all the leaf-y wood A mur-mur and a scorn-ful smite, But
 3. And there be-fore the fer-est trees, Blushing and pale by turns she stood; In

down their au-tumn of-fer-ings Of fruit in sun-shine stored, The Ma-ple
 si-lent still the Ma-ple stood, And looked to God the while. And then, while
 ev-'ry leaf, now red and gold, She knew the kiss of God, And still, when

on-ly, of them all, Be-fore the world's great har-vest King, With emp-ty hands and
 fell on earth a-dash, So great it seemed like death to be, From His white throne the
 comes the au-tumn time, And on the hills the har-vest lies, Blushing, the Ma-ple

rall. molto.
 si-lent stood—She had no of-fer-ing to bring; For . . .
 migh-ty Lord stoop'd down and kissed the Ma-ple tree; At . . .
 tree re-calls Her life's one beau-ti-ful sur-prise; And . . .

calando.

in the ear-ly sum-mer time, While oth-er trees laid by their board, The
 that swift kiss there sud-denthrilled, In ev-'ry nerve thro' ev-'ry vein, An
 still, when comes the au-tumn time, And on the hills the har-vest lies, Blush-

rit.

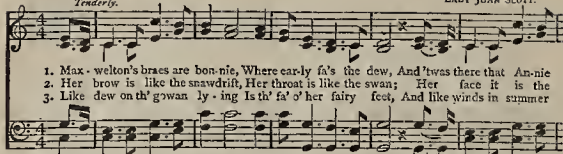
Ma-ple winged her fruit with love, And sent it dai-ly to the Lord.
 ec-sta-cy of joy so great It seemed al-most a-kin to pain.
 ing, the Ma-ple tree re-calls Her life's one beau-ti-ful sur-prise.

Specials for St. Nicholas.

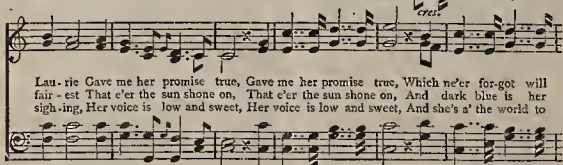
ANNIE LAURIE.

Tenderly.

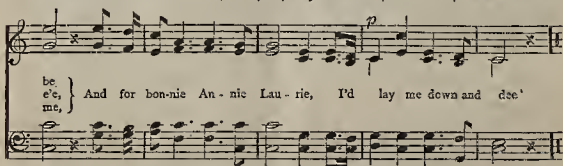
LADY JOHN SCOTT.



1. Max-welton's braes are bon-nie, Where early fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet, And like winds in summer



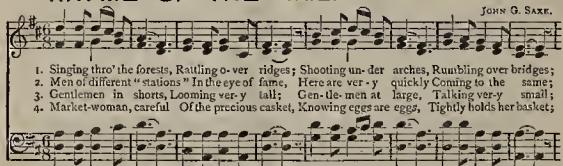
Lau-rie Gave me her promise true, Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er for-got will
fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to



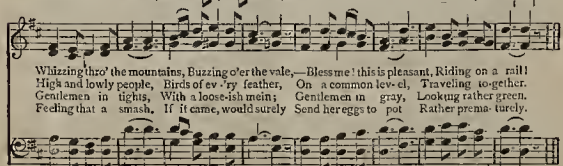
be
e'e, } And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee'
me,

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

JOHN G. SAXE.



1. Singing thro' the forests, Rattling o-ver ridges; Shooting un-der arches, Rumbling over bridges;
2. Men of different "stations" In the eye of fame, Here are ver-y quickly Coming to the same;
3. Gentlemen in shorts, Looming ver-y tall; Gentle-men at large, Talking ver-y small;
4. Market-woman, careful Of the precious casket, Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket;



Whizzing thro' the mountains, Buzzing o'er the vale,—Bless me! this is pleasant, Riding on a rail!
High and lowly people, Birds of ev-ry feather, On a common lev-el, Traveling to-gether.
Gentlemen in tights, With a loose-ish mein; Gentlemen in gray, Looking rather green.
Feeling that a smash. If it came, would surely Send hereegs to pot Rather pre-ma-turely.

V—3

Sing not verse to close.

GEDDES BROTHERS.

MERRILY, MERRILY, SING.

LITTLE FOLKS.

1. Im-prove the pass-ing hours, For time is on the wing, Sip hon-ey from the
 2. Re-pine not if from la-bor Your health and comfort spring, Work hard and help your

flow-ers, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing; All fol-ly ends in sad-ness, For
 neigh-bor, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing; Store not your mind with fol-ly, To

trou-ble it will bring; But wis-dom leads to glad-ness, So mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.
 truth your homage bring; Do all the good you're a-ble, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

THE HARP-TARA'S HALLS.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed; Now hangs as mute on
 2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that

Ta-ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So
 breaks at night Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus Free-dom now so seldom wakes; The

glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
 on-ly thro' she gives Is when some heart, in dig-nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

Hose, Underwear, Corsets.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Lively

J. C. JOHNSON

1. Swiftly, swiftly o'er the snow, Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily, Do we merry riders go,
2. Sweetly, sweetly ring the bells, Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily, Sweetly, sweetly music swells,

La la la la la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la la la la,

Fine

Singing all so merrily. How bright and cold! what frosty air! Well we are warm and do not care, With
Sing we all so merrily. How pleasant thus, with cheerful friends, To taste the joy that winter sends, O

la la la la la la la. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, O

D.C.

mirth and song, we bound along, We laugh and sing so merrily, merrily, Laugh and sing so merrily.
winter days, we sing and praise! We laugh and sing so merrily, merrily, Laugh and sing so merrily.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Moderate Time.

Fine.

1. Those eve - ning bells! Those evening bells! How many a tale their mu - sic tells, Of
2. These joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And many a heart that then was gay, With
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tune - ful peal will still ring on, While

D.C.

youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime.
in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells.
oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells;

SONG OF THE OLD BELL.

ODOARDO BARRI

Moderato.

For full five hundred years I've swung, In my gray old tur-ret high, And many a dif-fer-ent

theme I've sung, As the time went stealing by; I've peal'd the chant of a wedding morn, Ere night I've sadly
theme I've sung, As the time went stealing by; Thro' weal and woe, I still sing on, My notes are grave or
theme I've sung, As the time went stealing by; I've swelled the joy of a nation's pride, For a vict'ry far off

*piu lento.**con sfzrto.*

tolled, To say that the bride was coming love-lorn, To sleep in the church-yard mold, Ding, dong, my
gay, I swell the strains of a jocund throng, Or toll a mournful lay, Ding, dong, my
won, Then changed to grief for the brave who died, Ere my mirth had well begun, Ding, dong, my

ben vibrato.

careless song, Merry and sad but neither long, Ding, dong, my careless song, Merry or sad but neither long.

WAKING FLOWERS.

A. REISMAN.

1. 'Mid the win-ter storms we're sleep-ing, Safe-ly hushed on Moth-er's breast;
2. Rip-pling foun-tains, fresh life bring-ing, Wak-en us from slum-ber deep;
3. From the rain-bow, with-out la-bor, Moth-er weaves our gar-ments fair;
4. Win-ter comes, then quick-ly downward, In-to Moth-er's house we go,

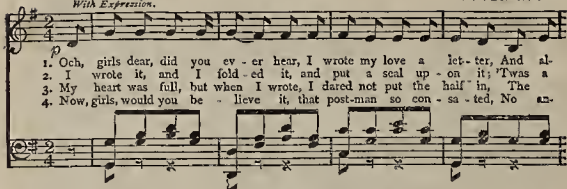
Lit-tle an-gels, fair and gen-tle, In the Spring call us from rest.
Bird-ings cheer us with their sing-ing, Breez-es rock us while we sleep.
From the sparkling dews of morn-ing, Makes our jew-els rich and rare.
There for Spring-time she pre-pares us 'Neath the storms and drift-ing snow.

Shawls, Wraps, Rugs.

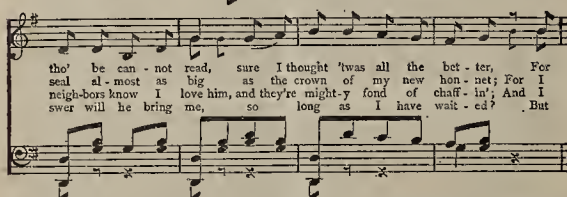
KATY'S LETTER.

LADY DUTTERICK. -

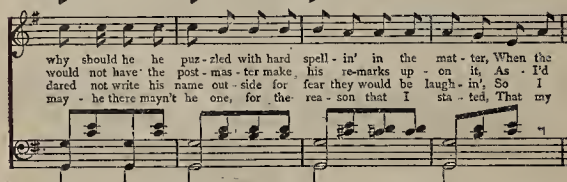
With Expression.



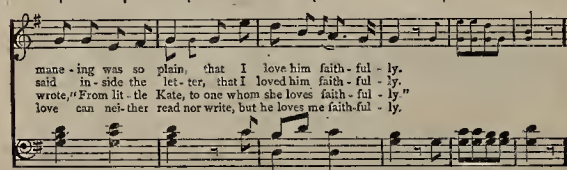
1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al -
 2. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a
 3. My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in, The
 4. Now, girls, would you be - lieve it, that post-man so con - sa - ted, No



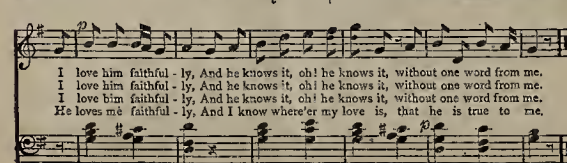
tho' be can - not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter, For
 seal al - most as big as the crown of my new hon - net; For I
 neigh-bors know I love him, and they're might-y fond of chaff - in'; And I
 swer will he bring me, so long as I have wait - ed? But



why should he he puz - zled with hard spell - in' in the mat - ter, When the
 would not have the post - mas - ter make his re - marks up - on it, As - I'd
 dared not write his name out - side for fear they would be laugh - in'; So I
 may - he there mayn't be one, for the rea - son that I sta - ted, That my



mane - ing was so plain, that I love him faith - ful - ly.
 said in - side the let - ter, that I loved him faith - ful - ly.
 wrote, "From lit - tle Kate, to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly."
 love can nei - ther read nor write, but he loves me faith - ful - ly.



I love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.
 I love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.
 I love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.
 He loves me faith - ful - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
 3. U - ta-wa'side, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,

voic-es keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
 Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,

sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav - ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past!

DING, DONG, BELL.

MORNER GOOSE

Ding dong, bell, Pussy's in the wall; Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out?

Big John Stout, What a naughty - boy was that, To drown our lit - tle Pus - sy cat!

The Right Goods and Prices.

SCOTS WAE HAE.

"BRUCE'S ADDRESS"
ROBERT BURNS, 1793.*Andante maestoso*

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has aft-en led, Wel-come to your
2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By op-pres-sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scotland's king and law,
dear-est veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u-surp-ers low,

See the front of bat-tle low't, See approach proud Edward's power, Chains and slavery!
Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa? Let him fol-low me!
Ty-rants fall in ev-ry foe! Lib-er-ty's in ev-ry blow! Let us do or dee!

WELCOME FAIR EVENING.

Alligretto.

FOLKSONG.

1. Oh, wel-come, fair eve-ning so bliss-ful, That brings with its dews but de-
2. Now soft-ly the breath of the ze-phyr Is balm-i-ly waft-ed 'a-
3. Fa-mil-iar the friends we are greet-ing, Here on the sward vel-vet and
4. Then welcome, ye shad-ows of eve-ning! Nor E-den of earl-i-est

light; The twilight all peaceful and ten-der, So dear to my heart, to my sight.
long— Sad mem-o-ries lulling to slum-ber, And grat-i-tude wakes to song.
green We drain the full cup to our dear ones, For true hearts in fond eyes are seen.
lore Sur-pass-es the peace of the gloam-ing, When foes are remembered no more.

Willkommen, O seliger Abend,
Dem Herzen das froh dich genießt!
Du bist so erquickend, so labend,
Drum sei mir recht herzlich begrüßt.

2. In deiner erfreulichen Kühle
Vergißt man die Leiden der Zeit,
Vergißt man des Mittages Schwüle,
Und ist nur zu danken bereit.

3. Wenn säuselnde Lüftchen uns kühlen,
Kein Lauscher, kein Hörcher uns stört,
Dann wird unter Wonnegesfühlen
Der Becher der Freundschaft geleert.

4. Im Kreise sich lebender Freunde,
Gelagert auf schwellendes Grün,
Da segnet man fluchende Feinde,
Und läßt in Frieden sie ziehn.

GEDDES BROTHERS

BONNIE DOON

ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks and braes of bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How
Oft have I strayed by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; Where

can ye sing, ye lit-tle birds, And -- I sae wea-ry, full of care? You'll
il-ka bird sang of his love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine, With

break my heart, ye lit-tle birds, That wan-ton through the flow'ring thorn; Ye
light-some heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up-on its thorn-y tree; But

mind me of de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed, nev-er to re-turn,
my false lov-er stole the rose, And left the thorn be-hind to me.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

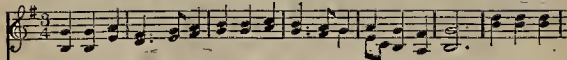
WHITTIER'S CHILD LIFE.

Tenderly.
1. Hush! the waves are roll-ing in, While with foam,—white with
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come,—on they
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam,—where they

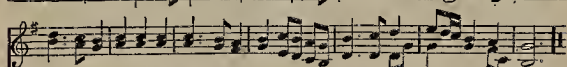
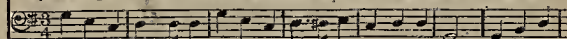
foam; Fa-ther toils a-mid the din, But ba-by sleeps at home.
come! Broth-er seeks the wand'ring sheep, But ba-by sleeps at home.
mum; Sis-ter goes to seek the cows, But ba-by sleeps at home.

Kid Gloves—best makes.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



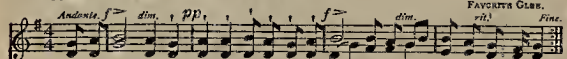
God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen, God save the Queen. Send her vic-
O Lord our God, arise, Scat- ter her en- emies, And make them fall; Confound their po-
Thy choicest gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour; Long may she reign; May she de-



to-ri-ous, Happy and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the Queen.
- li- tics; Frustrate their knavish tricks; On her our hopes we fix; God save us all,
fend our laws, And ever give us cause To sing with heart and voice. God save the Queen.



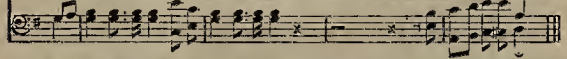
WE ARE ALL NODDIN'.



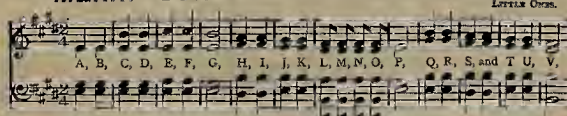
1. We are all noddin', nidd, nidd, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.
2. We are all noddin', nidd, nidd, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.



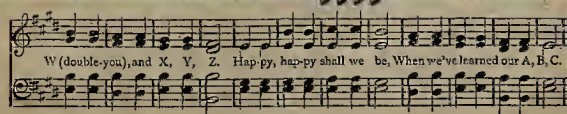
To keep us awake we have all done our best, But we're weary and heavy, so home to our rest.
The hour: it is late, we'll no longer delay, But we'll take our hats and bonnets, and quickly away.



MERRY SONG.



A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, and T, U, V,



W (double-you), and X, Y, Z. Happy, hap-py shall we be, When we've learned our A, B, C.

"God Save the Queen."

65/10